

A full, and particular Account of
MR. JOHN JOBLING,

A Gentleman's Son, near London, whose Father left him an Estate of 1200 l. a year. He married a Lady of great Fortune and Beauty, but soon deserted her for the company of a wicked Harlot, whom he kept in great style, to the utter neglect of his own Family. Having ruined his Fortune,

He Frequented a noted Gambling-House

in Town, where the Devil appeared to a large Company of them as they were prophaneely playing at Cards and Dice on the blessed Sabbath night. In a fit of madness, having lost every Farthing he had in the word, he went home and killed his Wife and Child.



JOHN JOBLING was the only son of a wealthy Gentleman, who gave him an excellent education, intending him for a gentleman in the first circles of life. But, as man appoints his happiness for a number of years to come, so God often disappoints their designs, and like Ahitophil turns their wisdom into foolishness. Mr Jobling died when his son was in his 16th year, leaving him property to the amount of 1200 a year. Through the fondness of his mother, he was indulged in all manner of youthful gaities, which begat in him a proud, insolent, and overbearing temper. At the age of 18, he got acquainted at Epsom Races with some dissipated characters, who led him into scenes of vice and wickedness, and among other things got him initiated into the society of a set of sharpers & gamblers, who soon fleeced him of one-third of his property. At 19 years old, he married a beautiful young lady, with a fortune of 600 l. per annum. and soon after this his mother died.

It was not many months after his marriage, when he formed an acquaintance with a gay harlot at the Opera-House one night. He lavished upon her the tenderest caresses, bought her the most valuable trinkets and jewels, and a profusion of rich and costly dresses. She rode openly in the carriage with him, and in every respect his affections were estranged from his heart-broken wife, nor did the birth of a comely boy which she bore to him, in the least shake his attachment to the base wretch who seemed to have bound his senses by a spell. When his boy was about 6 months old, he took to his old habit of gambling again, and his losses were so frequent that he could no longer maintain his harlot in her pride, therefore she insolently told him that it was high time for her to look out for another admirer, as he could not afford to keep her in her former style. This stung him to the heart, and to keep her a little longer, he plundered his house, and impoverished his wife and babe. At length she left him altogether. Distracted at her ingratitude, he

became desperate, and frequented the infamous haunts of men and women day and night. A few nights ago, (it being the blessed Sabbath) in the midst of their unlawful play, a dreadful rushing noise filled the room, the lights burned blue, the doors flew open, and a dreadful huge black figure stalked in amongst them for a moment, and then vanished. One would imagine that so dreadful an occurrence would have operated as a warning to such a shameful violation of the Sabbath, but it had no such effect upon Jobling, for he plunged still deeper and deeper in guilt, till the last farthing he possessed in the world was spent. His temper was now ungovernable, from the reflection that his own extravagance had brought him to poverty and ruin. During one of his fits of rage his kind wife came into the room, with her infant in her arms, and endeavoured to pacify him, when the brutal wretch seized a knife and instantly destroyed them both. He was instantly seized, and is now in prison awaiting his trial.

The Prisoner's sad Lament.

BEHOLD a harden'd wretch who could
 Shed his dear Wife's and Infant's blood;
 With sighs and tears I now complain,
 But my reputation now is vain.

Twelve hundred pounds I had a year,
 Was left me by my father dear,
 But Gambling it has ruin'd me,
 And brought me to this misery.

My lovely Wife I did forsake,
 All for a flattering Harlot's sake:
 This harlot's pride I did maintain,
 Till unto poverty I came.

Then she did leave my company,
 And laugh'd at my misery,
 The Gaming-house I did frequent,
 Till my last farthing it was spent.

Then blind with rage, I did destroy,
 My faithful Wife, and lovely Boy,
 Now in this cell I make my moan,
 Until my trial does come on.

Printed by J. Carsack, 2, Abchurch-Lane, 7 Dials.
 Blue, 6s. Printed Neat and Cheap.



Oct. 29. 1828